

July 24,

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PRICE SIXPENCE
Vol. 74, No. 1918. July 31, 1919
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"DO WE HAVE TO BEG FOR A JOB?"



It's toasted

TOASTING means flavor in tobacco, especially real Burley — it's wonderful how toasting improves it.

LUCKY STRIKE

cigarette



It's
toasted

You get the toasted flavor
only in the real Burley
cigarette — Lucky Strike.

And in Lucky Strike
tobacco. It's toasted
— for your pipe.

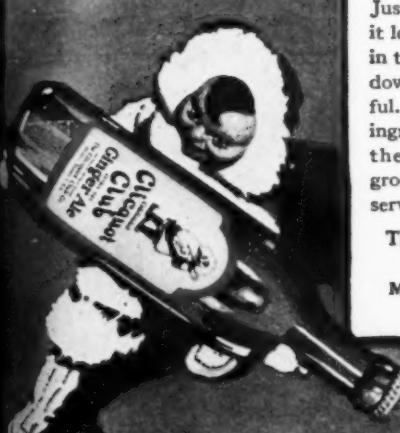


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The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale

WHEREVER there are dry mouths and parched throats, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is kept on the run to supply the demand. Just the golden sight of it leaping and laughing in the glass makes you down the whole bottleful. Made of purest ingredients. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist, and serve cold.

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass., U.S.A.



*The Next
Three Months*

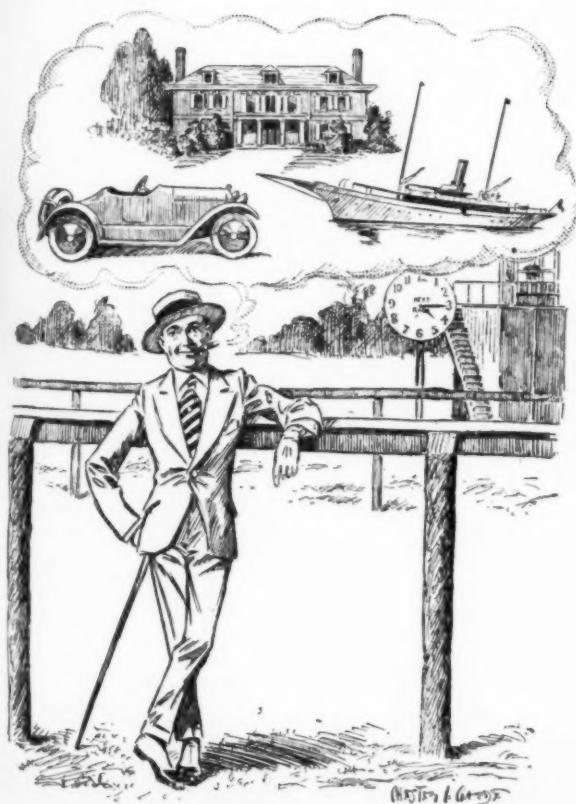
is vacation time—the one period in all the year when you should read LIFE regularly. Why not Obey that Impulse and avail yourself of our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.



THE OPTIMIST

It is Surpassingly
Snappy

CLYSMIC

**EXTRA DRY
GINGER ALE**

*to be had wherever
the discriminating gather*

MADE FROM CLYSMIC SPRING WATER

CLYSMIC SPRING Co.
220 WEST 42nd ST., N.Y.



The Antis Will Have It

Next week the Anti-Everything Number of LIFE will burst upon a parched and weary world. We have long since given up the idea of ever getting out another humorous number. The one coming next week will celebrate the Antis. Avoid it. It will only make you feel worse.

Life

As an Antidote

for Gloom, try entering a subscription to LIFE. One trial order will help you, and the full year is better yet.

Wounded soldiers always ask for LIFE to read in preference to any other paper. The hospitals cannot get enough copies to meet the demand. Why not send them your copy, or order a subscription for some of them?

Special Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 102

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

*"I am penalized if
one comes back"*

Why Geared-to-the-Road Tires Give Ease at the Steering Wheel

MILLER TIRES ride on a high center ridge, which eases the driver's tension at the steering wheel, driving just like a plain tread tire. Yet the sides of the tread are **Geared-to-the-Road** by patented caterpillar feet that mesh like cogs with road depressions.

The Uniform Miller is the only tire that has this combination—steering ease with great resistance to skidding and "whip-lash."

Geared-to-the-Road helps the car to *hold* the road, and produces positive traction, full power ahead, and safety.

Long Mileage in All—Not "Luck" in a Few

All Miller Tires are long-distance runners—casing after casing.

Fine materials and plenty of them are required, of course. But tires must be built alike, or they cannot wear alike.

Miller builders are trained to a single standard—there's no higher perfection than

our championship mark. Each builder is rated on every tire he makes; if one comes back his score is penalized.

But instances of that are less than 1 in 100.

Only authorized dealers supply these Uniform Tires. If you don't know the Miller dealer, write us for his name.

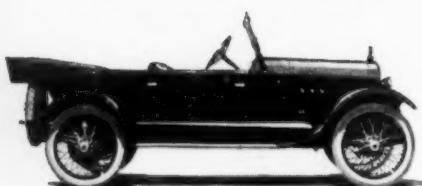
The Miller Rubber Company, Dept. A-163, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires
Also Miller Surgeon Grade Rubber Goods, for Homes as Well as Hospitals

TO DEALERS: Your territory may be open—write us.

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

Columbia Six



For the Mechanically Inclined

Timken Axles—Continental Red Seal Motor—Detroit Pressed Steel Company Frame—Harrison Radiator with Thermostatically Controlled Shutters—Spicer Universal Joints—Borg & Beck Clutch—Detroit Steel Products Company's Springs—Gemmer Steering Gear—Auto Lite Starting & Lighting—Atwater-Kent Ignition—Stromberg Carburetor—Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery—Painting and Trimming by The American Auto Trimming Co.—Pantasote Top.

Good ALL the Way Through

Chief among the reasons why the Columbia Six has, during the past five years, gained a place among the leading makes of cars in this country is this—It is built well *all the way through*.

The Columbia Motors Company have never built a failure—never have had a "poor year"—because from the outset they have held to the standard of *thorough goodness*.

To our knowledge no Columbia Six owner has ever become dissatisfied with his purchase.

Every part of the Columbia Six is acknowledged by men who know motor cars to be as good as can be bought or manufactured. There is not one exception to this rule even to the smallest details.

This, naturally, results in remarkably low depreciation and operating costs.

The reputation of Columbia Six parts *plus* scientific assembly by Columbia engineers will prove this "good *all the way through*" quality to you.

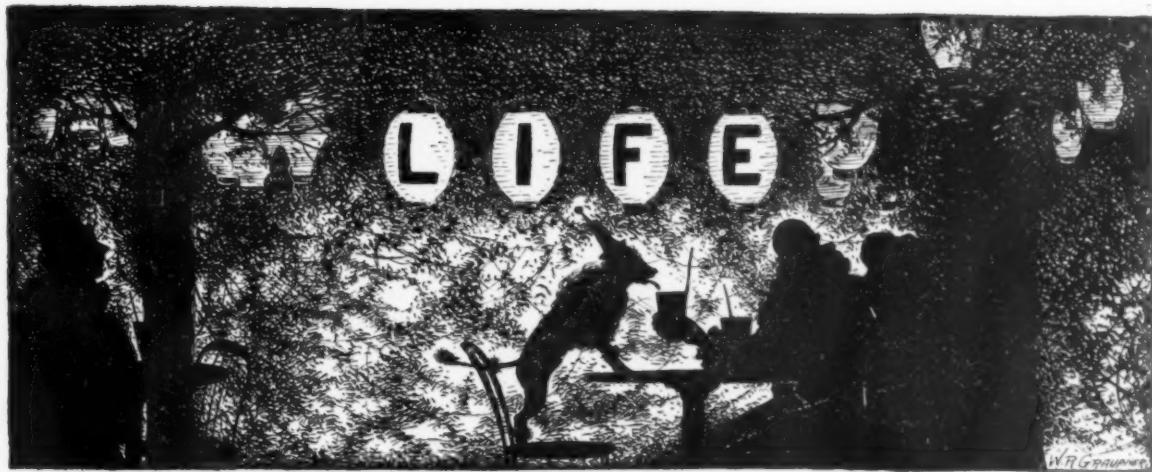
Ask any Columbia owner—inspect a Columbia Six—ride in it and drive it.

Prices—Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1695.00; Four-Passenger Sport Model (5 wire wheels included), \$1845.00; Five-Passenger Sedan, \$2850.00. Prices F. O. B. Detroit

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

The Gem of the Highway





Further Information Wanted

Additional discoveries by Professor Pickering lend weight to the theory that there is human life on Mars.—*News item.*

I WONDER if the Martians
Have parlor Bolsheviks
Who cheer a rule of bombs and bums
And yeggs and jailbirds' tricks;
And have they dress-reformers,
And have they, do you think,
Those pallid souls who can't endure
That other folk should drink?

I wonder if the Martians
Can boast an income tax
Which chops away their hard-earned
gold
With cruel, cruel hacks;
And do they suffer keenly
From servant girls who stay
A week at triple what they're worth,
And then steal far away?

I wonder if the Martians
Must cope with Burlesons,
Or folk who wish a softer Peace,
Or unrepentant Huns?
And if by chance the Martians,
Up there among the stars,
Are free from any of these things,
I'd love to live on Mars.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



"WILL YOU PLEASE ASK THE EDITOR IF HE'LL SEE ME A MOMENT?"
"I DON'T HAVE TO ASK HIM, MISS. I KNOW HIS TASTE."

LIFE

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1918, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-two years. In that time it has expended \$174,443.17 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,097 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$3,859.78
H. C. R.	25.00
B. G., Jr., Montclair, N. J.	10.00
William C. Rice	3.00
George R. Parker	16.00
O. D. Duncan	25.00
Helen H. Ellean	8.00
W. W. Wilcox	8.00
Matthew P. Cornwall	10.00
Joseph R. Dilworth	25.00
Mrs. John L. Howard	25.00
From a friend	100.00
Margerie Lyon	3.00
Mrs. William C. Peyton	50.00
Oliver W. Holton	16.00
Cornelia P. Bird	8.00
Mrs. S. Bird, Jr.	8.00
Nancy Eaton	8.00
Katharine J. Lane	2.00
Maud E. Appleton	100.00
Joseph B. Birdsell	8.00
John H. Young	5.00
Alice Pomeroy Smith	8.00
Miss Sarah Taber	32.00
M. & V. G.	5.00
"The Streeter Children"	8.00
Florence Marion Rapp	3.00
C. A. Brewster	8.00
Anonymous	10.00
"C. S. S."	15.00
L. G. Dodge	8.00
T. B. Preston	25.00
D. Schnakenberg	25.00
Mrs. R. U. Bunker	25.00
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Dr. J. L. Bower	8.00
Betty and Kathleen Campbell	8.00
Mary, Sallie, Helen	15.00
Lucie-Mary	5.00
Florence C. Nolan	5.00
Dr. A. E. Harrison	10.00
W. U. Moyer	8.00
Mrs. W. D. Walbridge	25.00
M. M. T.	5.00
Edith C. B. Gaylord	8.00
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C. D. Snedeker	20.00
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Mrs. Elizabeth Wayne Cooper	8.00
J. O. Boonton	5.00
J. M. Low	8.00
Norman and Biller Garton, Jr.	8.00
W. K.	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Prankard	16.00
Robert W. Parsons	10.00
"Virginia Griffith"	8.00
Caroline S. Ross	16.00
"Tom"	10.00
"Friend"	5.00
Jeremiah Milbank	25.00
John C. Bell, Jr.	16.00
William J. Sherwood	5.00
C. C. Castles	8.00
In memory of M. L. H.	2.00
Mrs. Frederick D. Nye	10.00
Mrs. Gordon Stratley, Jr.	25.00
Mrs. George Clemens Hughes	5.00
Mrs. Richard A. Parker	15.00
M. Wilton Wolf	2.00
C. E. Page	8.00
Mrs. Frances A. Hartman	8.00
Abbie E. Shopleigh, Amelia, Dorothy, David, Sylvia and John	48.00
B. S. Cottrell	25.00
James A. Hopfinger	5.25
Helen Orford	8.00
Guy R. McLane	25.00
Mrs. W. C. Scheide	5.00
Mrs. M. J. Beatty	16.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Saunders	5.00



LIFE'S GREAT DECISIONS
DETERMINING WHICH HAT TO WEAR ON A CLOUDY DAY

Mrs. Arthur P. Williams	8.00
Alfred Spencer, Jr.	8.00
"Bay City, Mich."	16.00
Dorothy W. Wood	5.00
Fred L. Gross	18.00
William A. Ayer	5.00
A Friend	8.00
C. R. Flannigan	8.00
Mrs. H. R. Hawze	8.00
Edward F. Bishop	10.00

\$5,241.03

In Perpetuity

THE French have a proverb about its being the first step that costs. It applies very aptly to LIFE's Fresh Air Endowments. With them it is only the first step—the donation of the two hundred dollars in bonds—that costs. After that everything is profit and pleasure for the children who through all the years to come are to benefit by the original investment.

From Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hilles of Springfield, Massachusetts, we have received two hundred dollars in bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 83

In the names of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM T. HILLES.

From Ray D. Lillibridge, Esq., of New York City we have received two hundred dollars in bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 84

In Memory of my father, JOHN RAYMOND LILLIBRIDGE.

Two hundred dollars have been received from Mrs. Burr Curtiss Keeler

of Mason City, Iowa, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 85
In Memory of
BURR CURTISS KEELER, Jr.

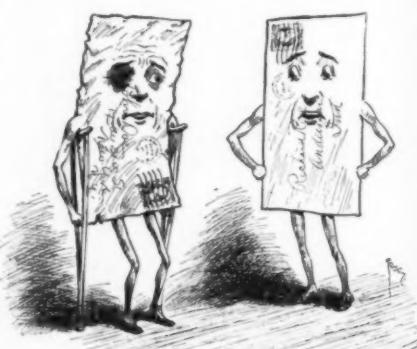
From L. M. Whitney of Glen Cove, Long Island, we have received two hundred dollars in Victory notes to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 86
In the names of CAROL, ERIC and
HENRY WHITNEY.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4 1/4-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-two years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



First Letter: WELL, I'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD SIX MONTHS, BUT I EXPECT TO BE DELIVERED SHORTLY!

Second Letter: HOW'S THAT?

First Letter: THEY SAY BURLESON WILL SOON BE LET OUT.

Unreflective

I SEE the Peace Treaty was signed in the great hall of mirrors in Versailles."

"Yes, but that didn't help the Big Four to see themselves as others see them."

WHY is it that people who are troubled with insomnia are generally so proud of it?



She: You haven't said a clever thing all evening.
Literary Man (who has to make his living): There are other authors present.

Rain!

I'VE been dreaming of the ocean sands—
 And the cliffs around the bay,
 I'm homesick for my native shore
 A thousand miles away!
 I seem to smell the fragrance
 Of the countless cypress trees
 When the rain has swept their branches
 In the toss of the ocean breeze.
 The sky is gray and misty—
 And my heart with longing fills;
 For it's raining, raining, raining
 In the hills!

It's the rain that brings the mem'ries
 To my wander-weary heart:
 It's the rain that calls me backward
 And makes my pulses start.
 I seem to hear it dripping
 In the pine trees and the fern:
 I seem to see it, misty gray,
 Where the sea-gulls wheel and turn.
 The sky is growing brighter—
 Yet my soul with longing fills;
 It's still raining, raining, raining
 In the hills!

Joseph Andrew Galahad.

TO-DAY humanity is a suppressed
 riot.



A BEST SELLER

The Plaint of the Sultan Mkwawa

Germany will hand over to His Britannic Majesty's government the skull of the Sultan Mkwawa, which was removed from the protectorate of German East Africa and taken to Germany.—*Treaty of Peace*.

I WANT my skull!
I feel so dreadful dull
Without it,
And likewise blue.
What do they mean to do
About it?

I've borrowed one belonging to a lemur;
But humerus and fibula and femur
And all my vertebrae, without compunction,
Refuse to function,
Because, they say, a lemur is a monkey,
And they won't work for any simian
flunkie!

I want my skull!
No, no, you cannot gull
My Majesty with mandates over Wang'a,
Ujiji, Tanganyika, Nasa, Tanga,
Or Palestine or Hull!
Give me my skull!

What pregnant words are these
Of "Freedom of the Seize!"
Vain is the sacred chrism that anoints
Those Fourteen Points,
And Covenants Most Openly Arrived At,
If Cranial Abduction be connived at!
And what becomes of Self-Determination
If I can't have my Dome of Cogitation?

Where is that skull?
However can I mull
Over your Clauses when I haven't got it?
I want my skull!
To whom, beside, could Equity allot it?
I hereby brand all Treaties void and null
If I can't have my skull!

Wail of Aboriginal East Africans

Where is the skull of the Sultan
Mkwawa?
Where may the dome of that good king
be?
In the name of the gods of the wild
Orajawa,
Hearken, O Chiefs, to our plaintive
plea!

That skull, to our warrior clansmen dear,
The skull that our fathers were taught
to revere,
That skull, with its flattened occipital
bone
Is gone!—and we want it! Ochone,
ochone!

Our cause is just. They shall, they must!
We're bound to have that skull or bust!
Alas, alack!
Do send it back!
Mkwawa!

Arthur Guiterman.



"DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, JOE. HE'S A PROHIBITIONIST. LET HIM HAVE ALL THE WATER HE WANTS"

Ambassadors, Take Notice!

WHILE it is true, apparently, that (out of courtesy) the foreign legations in Washington will be wet, the probable difficulty of obtaining alcohol in any form is going to make it hard for foreign countries to induce ambassadors to come here and live.

Cecil Harmsworth, for Great Britain, has already refused the job. "Is it not a fact," said Captain Ormsby Core,

"that it is very difficult to get anybody to go to America because America has become dry?"

Foreign ambassadors, before they are compelled to come here, will have to take a course in American Prohibition. In order that they may be trained properly, some of our leading Prohibitionists should be sent abroad to establish training schools.

That will help some, if enough of them are sent.



"WHAT D'YE S'POSE HER GROSS TONNAGE IS, ED?"

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



"YOU COULDN'T WHEEL ME OVER TO THE LINKS, COULD YOU?"

LIFE

Chicago Is Now Being Discovered

The Greatest Aeronautic Feat in History Is Now On

LIFE'S dirigible, the P. D. Q.-4, in charge of the world-famous aviator, Seth Bone, is now on its flight to Chicago!

If Seth Bone succeeds in reaching Chicago and comes back alive, LIFE has agreed, as a reward for courage, to pay his board for one week at any New York hotel he may select. We have just received the following cablegram:

Your generosity in offering to pay one week's board in a New York hotel fills the British nation with awe and intense admiration for your astounding resources. By the way, who is Chicago?

NORTHCLIFFE.

The start for Chicago was made early yesterday morning from Hoboken. The last reports we received were that LIFE's dirigible was speeding over Indianapolis, having successfully ploughed through the soot clouds of Pittsburgh. Our captain and crew are provided with full suits of steel armor, in case they are attacked by the Chicago police, who are declared to be savage almost beyond belief. A man who speaks pro-German has also been sent along, in case it is necessary to come in contact with the mayor of Chicago.

The announcement made in a recent issue, that LIFE would send a dirigible from Hoboken to Chicago, has attracted world-wide attention. Among the numerous messages received we may quote only a few. Says Woodrow Wilson: "May I not express to you the high privilege I feel in voicing my deep sense of gratitude at the lofty idealism you reveal to me, and through me to the

world at large, in this effort to discover Chicago? It animates me with a serene hope for the future that, although we have forgotten Mexico, I may still feel that my short residence among the American people discloses the depth of sacrifice which they are always so cheerfully willing to undertake in the service of humanity, no matter how near home it may be."

Other messages are as follows:

From Mayor Hylan: "Mr. Hearst joins me in expressions of gratitude over your noble attempt to show that there is a worse-governed place than the great city which I am helping Mr. Hearst to rule. I would write more, but this is my busy day. I am raising the salaries of several close relations."

From Henry Ford: "You must have been reading the newspapers. There is no such place as Chicago. I know, because I've been there."

The scene at Hoboken yesterday when LIFE's dirigible, tugging at its wires, was about to start on its flight, was intensely dramatic. During such moments, when emotions are so highly charged, some slight incident will often relieve the tension. For example, just as our world-famous aviator, Seth Bone, slipped into the car, one of the spectators said:

"Couldn't you take the members of the Democratic administration with you and drop them in Chicago? Why not make America safe for democracy?"

This occasioned a good-natured laugh, and then Seth Bone, facing the crowd, said a few short words.

He spoke simply and to the point.

"Boys," he said, "if we do not come back, it doesn't matter. Others will follow. [Applause.] Chicago has not only got to be discovered, but eventually civilized, no matter how many generations it takes. With the help of my able crew, even though we may be slaughtered and beaten to death in the surface cars of Chicago, at least we shall have made a beginning. Farewell forever."

Our aviator takes with him the following helpers, in the hope that they will do pioneer work among the Chicagoans:

One Gent. It was with great difficulty that we succeeded in securing such a noble specimen. This one knows when to wear a dinner coat, and when to wear full dress. He can easily make himself understood by the members of the Metropolitan Club, and it is hoped that he will have no difficulty with the Chicagoans.

One Educated Author. This specimen is a very rare one, and we spent days in publishers' offices locating him. He writes on all typewriters equally well, has four serials running in magazines, has just sold the movie rights for two novels, and is also educated.

One Caveman. We captured this creature



CEREMONIAL DRESS OF A CHICAGO BUCK



VIEW OF PITTSBURGH TAKEN FROM LIFE'S DIRIGIBLE

in one of our subways. He seems reasonably intelligent. He will learn from Chicago all the various ways they have of treating passengers, and—if he lives—will come back and tell us.

One New York Restaurant Proprietor. This gentleman, who not only

The Picnic

FROM his point of view:
A strong breeze
Bringing peace to his heart.
A green carpet of grass
Like velvet cushions, where he sat.
The rustling of leaves and the song of birds
Like a fairy orchestra.
The lunch spread on a white cloth
Tempting his appetite;
The sun shining brightly,
Filling his soul with warmth and joy;
The girl, a golden-haired sprite,
Making the day with all its glories
Perfect.

From her point of view:
A strong breeze
Disarranging her hair.
A green carpet of grass
Where she sat in fear of stains upon her skirt.
The rustling of leaves and the song of birds,
The hum of mosquitoes biting her,
Like a fairy orchestra.
The lunch spread on a white cloth
With ants marching over the food;
The sun shining brightly,
Scorching her neck and arms;
The man lying there smoking
Making the day with all its discomforts
Possible.

Jeannette Phillips Gibbs.

believes in Democracy, but wants to bring Chicago up to our own level, will teach the Chicagoans all the refinements of robbery, so that, in the course of time, a man who runs a Chicago restaurant, and wishes a change, can come on to New York and not be ashamed of himself.

One Trained Social Leader. This lady has lived in Newport several weeks under LIFE's direction, and will take up the work in Chicago with enthusiasm.

The following wireless has just been received:

We hope to land in Chicago tonight. We are now above it, but cannot see it. We know it is Chicago, however, by the savage cries of commercialism that penetrate the fumes.

SETH BONE.



CHICAGO MOUNTED POLICEMAN

[*Note by Editor:* This thrilling story, showing how little men care for their lives, will be continued in an early issue of LIFE.]



Mother: MILDRED, HAVE YOU BEEN HELPING YOURSELF TO MY CIGARETTES?
"NO, MOTHER, BUT I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS OF GRANDMA."

Positively the Limit



I AM short and fat, and ever since I was a little girl somebody has been making light of my physical imperfections.

My brother has told me he would as lief step over as walk around me.

My sister has been known to ask me To pull up a couple of chairs and sit down. I dieted for six months.

And—

My husband told me I had wasted away— To a mere ton.

And—

That lack of nourishment had made me— A bale of nerves.

But—

Being a member of the Corpulent Corps, I have felt a personal responsibility about maintaining the reputation of that body for good nature.

So—

I have smiled indulgently— At all these gibes.

But—

Yesterday my sister-in-law said, "Why, Helen, you are actually getting a double chin."

And—

I said, "Well, you needn't be insulting about it."

K. H. Bee.

Hope Springs Eternal

FOR a moment she paused on the bridge. Below the dark waters of the river flowed silently.

But life held nothing more of joy for her. She was lonely, . . . despairing . . . and friendless. The cold waters gave a welcome hand.

But in that moment in which she paused came a thought that perhaps to-morrow the cashier at the lunch-counter, a handsome, blond youth, might smile at her again, . . . and she turned back to her silent room.

HERE'S a man who claims that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is necessary in order to write English correctly."

"But nowadays who considers it necessary to write English correctly?"



THE MAN WHO DARED TO FOLLOW HIS INCLINATION

Harvest Time

Every man, woman and child in this country [England] has got to work, and work damned hard. That is what they are doing in the United States, and a rich harvest is coming to them.

—Lord Weir, on returning to London.

AN America in which every man, woman and child is kept working, and working damned hard, undoubtedly would be an ideal state, but have we attained it yet? Unfortunately, no. There are too many backward sections of the country that still persist in keeping children at school and at play until the natural inclination to work damned hard is all but killed out of them, and there are even some communities that still consign woman to her ancient prison-house, the home. However, an increasing number of men, women and children are, as his lordship says, working damned hard, and before long, it is hoped, the government

will enact the necessary prohibitions and impose the necessary taxes to make it impossible for anyone—man, woman or child—to do anything but work damned hard. We are getting there now, but the great harvest is to come. Our graveyards are still not so well filled as they might be.

My Helpmate

IFIND my husband convenient:

Because he has charming men friends,

Whom he brings home for me to entertain,

And he doesn't seem to care when I go to the opera or cabarets with them,

Nor when I motor with them a whole day at a time;

Nor is he jealous when he sees them making love to me,

Or when I try to please them, And he makes an excellent chaperon.

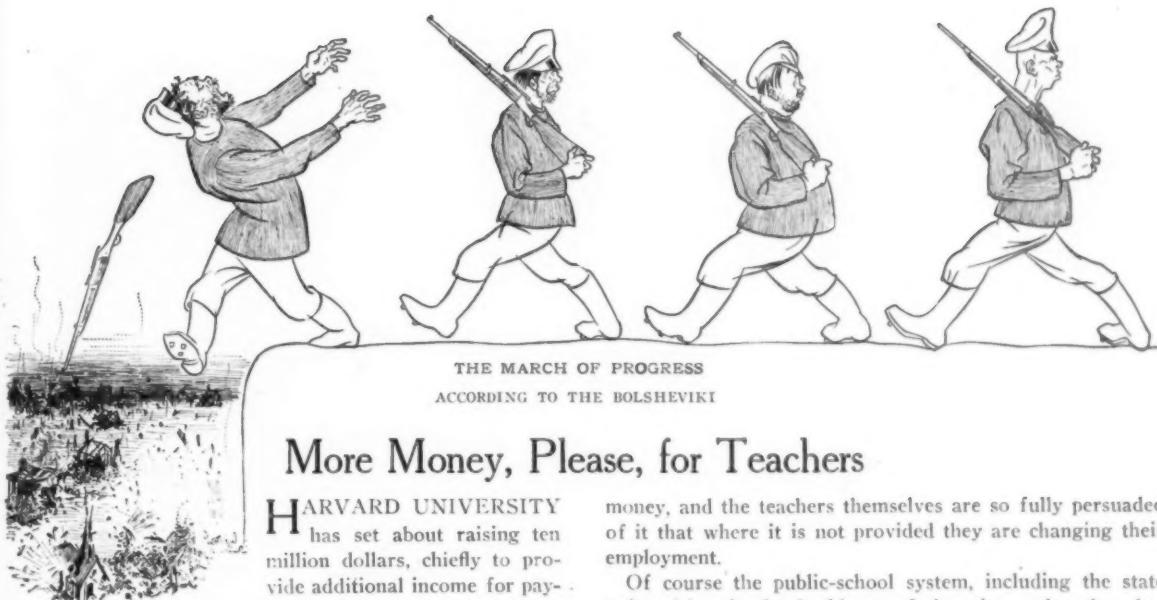
Yes, I find my husband very convenient.

E. L.

Home Comforts

CUSTOMER: I want to buy a safe for my private residence.

CLERK: Yes, sir; we've just gotten in some little beauties in the twelve-quart, home size.



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS
ACCORDING TO THE BOLSHEVIKI

More Money, Please, for Teachers

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has set about raising ten million dollars, chiefly to provide additional income for payment of increased salaries to teachers. Princeton is out after fourteen millions. Groton School would like fifty thousand dollars more income—a million dollars of new endowment—to meet the increase in its operating expenses and pay its teachers better without raising its tuition fees.

No doubt there are many other like calls, for the condition disclosed by these appeals from three institutions is all but universal. The cost of keeping alive and nourished, and of doing business, has gone up. Wages, as a rule, have gone up proportionately or disproportionately. Where they have not gone up, there is trouble. In all concerns that have to meet higher wages without increasing the charge for what they sell, there is trouble. Everywhere the outgo has increased. Everywhere the income must increase if the year's balance is to be on the right side.

Institutions like Harvard, Princeton and Groton School can easily do business at a profit if they care to take the necessary steps. They could all raise rates, and, if their numbers diminished in consequence, could reduce their teaching staffs and all expenses of operation. Groton School, for example, could get the increased income it needs by raising its fees three hundred dollars a year for each of its one hundred and fifty pupils. But it does not wish to limit its ministrations to pupils whose parents can pay twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year for them, so it appeals to its backers for endowment.

The same sentiment, no doubt, is back of the appeals of Harvard and Princeton, and will be back of many other appeals of the same sort that are to be expected. The idea is to put up the wages of teaching, and still keep down the cost of education. That is a democratic aspiration, and considerably modern and American. It is part of the effort to make the world safe for Democracy. The education provided by the public funds is going to cost more than it used to, and the funds in increased quantity will have to be provided by taxation. It is pretty well agreed that public-school teachers everywhere must have more

money, and the teachers themselves are so fully persuaded of it that where it is not provided they are changing their employment.

Of course the public-school system, including the state universities, is the backbone of American education, but the schools and colleges under private or quasi-private control, and supported by endowments and pupils' fees, are of great importance and very influential. They are as truly a part of our national apparatus of education as though they were supported by taxes, and being free from political control they have often been able to do for the country what they could hardly have done if they had been state institutions. They are not the rivals of the system which the taxpayers support, but rather its parents, for out of the old-time colleges and schools come the fathers and mothers of American education.

Of course it is trying for people to dig down into their



"IS THIS WHERE WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE THE PICNIC, PA?"



THE SWEETEST CRASS CROWS NEAR THE FENCE

clothes so often for money in such large sums. Any consolations must be welcome. As the habit of disbursement, already so well started, grows stronger, it may become more and more easy to let go. Now, while French champagne is shut off, what other luxury can we better spend money for than teaching? Teachers should not be invited to lives of perpetual sacrifice and self-denial. They should be able to live like other people, with moderate ostentation—Ford-car ostentation, say—and should have food, clothes and houses, and means eventually to raise and educate two or three children apiece. Otherwise the teacher's calling will not call to desirable people, or, if it does, they will not dare to heed it.

Every now and then you will get a great man of some kind, out of private education, and he will be different from the great man of public education, and the difference will be valuable. All education should not be tax-paid and subject to political control. Some of it should be kept irresponsible to governors and legislatures. That is a safeguard against such perversion of education as lately happened to Germany under the rule of Prussia.

E. S. Martin.

Overweighted

"SO poor Marie was drowned. How in the world did it happen?"

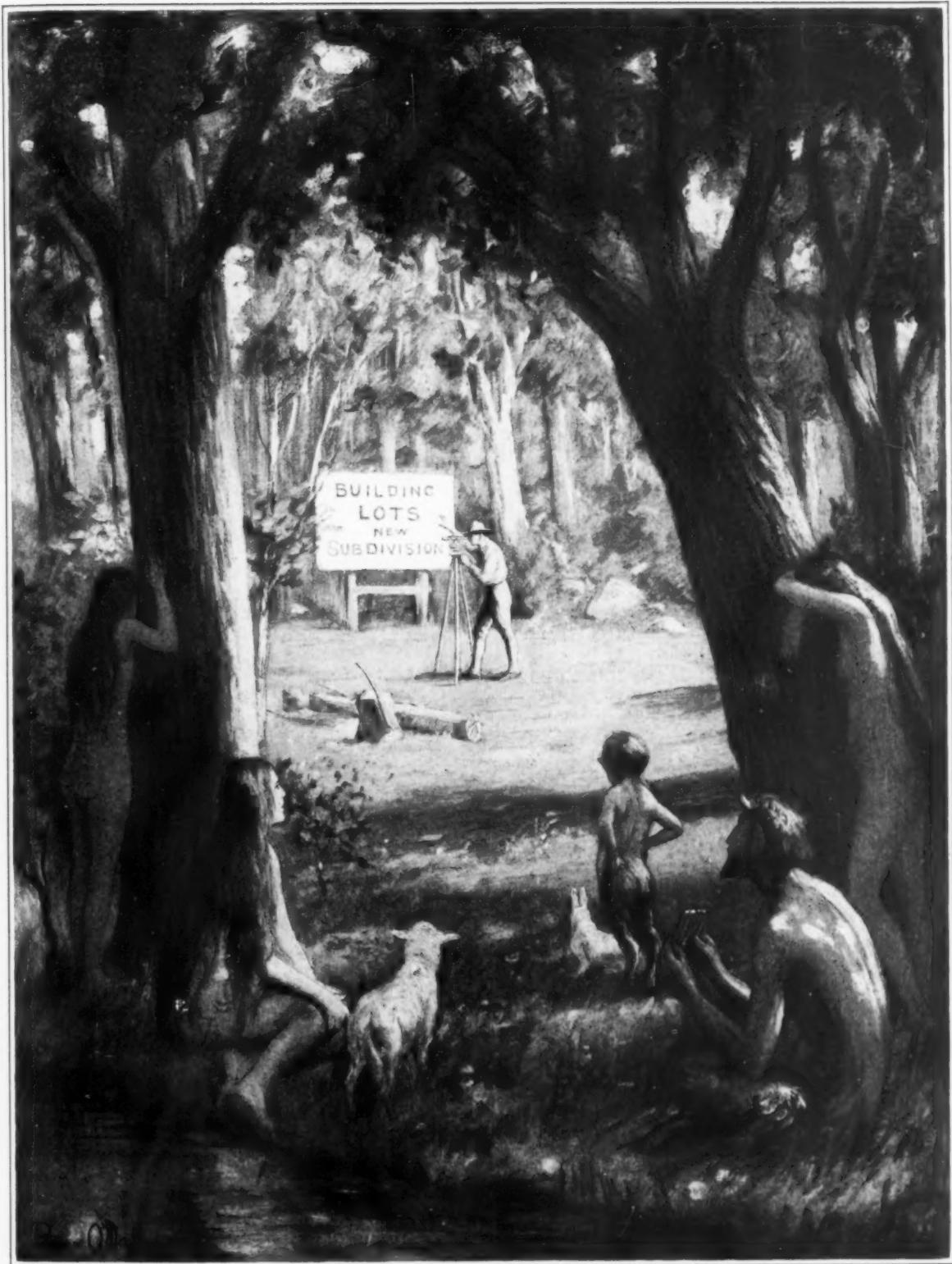
"The vain creature! She wore all of her engagement rings when she went in swimming."

Around the Lamp

SAID the Fourteenth Amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment: "It's a long time between enforcements." Said the Eighteenth Amendment to the Fourteenth: "But it won't be a long time between drinks." And Papa Constitution kept reading *The Signs of the Times* and pretended he didn't hear.



THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE



MOVING TIME

JULY 31
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYANDREW MILLER, President and Treasurer
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If Joseph Choate were alive, and observing the deportment of some of the senators of what was once his party, perhaps we should hear again the "For God's sake, hurry up!" that broke out from him when our troops were so sorely needed in Europe. The Republican senators who are so choosy about the Treaty are fiddling while Rome burns, and not to the profit of themselves or their party, either. The sort of leadership they show is no more attractive to the great mass of Republicans or would-be Republicans than to the great mass of the Democrats. It is not acceptable to our men who fought in France, and who want to see the ends they fought for fully accomplished. It is not acceptable to Business, which wants to get on the job of patching up the damaged world, and is held back by a kind of senatorial deliberation that seems captious. In the elections last fall a considerable measure of power and responsibility was given to the Republicans. Do their leaders consider that they are making such a use of it as is adapted to induce the voters to give them more?

We doubt if they think so themselves. More likely they are conscious of being up against a situation in which there is no credit to be had from being "agin the government," and in which the only way to be right is to do what the Democratic President wants them to do, and do it p. d. q. They may think that is a hard situation; yet to a large contingent of the best Republican leaders and followers it

presents no real difficulties. They believe in the League of Nations, and believe that the Treaty is the best obtainable, and they want both accepted with the least possible delay. They see matters involved that are quite out of party politics, and are not for allowing party politics to delay their settlement. They see, as Mr. Wilson does, a Europe waiting in disorder and very close to chaos, and they say, as Mr. Choate might have said, "For God's sake, hurry up!"



BUT discussion of the peculiarities of some Republican senators has been going on for months, and has come to be dreary reading. The more readily the public mind has turned from it for a moment to contemplation and discussion of Henry Ford.

Henry Ford is an old favorite: a man remarkably ignorant of some things, but always a seeker after knowledge and willing to pay the cost of the quest. His suit against the Chicago Tribune is just another cruise after education, like his wonderful expedition on the peace ship. Money in ordinary sums is nothing to him. He seems willing enough to spend it lavishly at any time, if he can learn something.

His suit has been reported at great length all over the country. Whether he won or lost it was not the question, nor whether he or the Chicago Tribune fought worse in the war. As a matter of fact, Henry did a lot of good

war work, but nobody cared much about those issues. People read about the suit because they were interested in Henry. They were pleasurabley astonished when he disclosed that he knew nothing about Benedict Arnold. They were amused at his contempt for ordinary education.



BUT Henry is partly right about what we call "education." It is quite an awful thing. It is the imposition upon minds of as much as possible of what is accepted at any given time as knowledge. It is a shaping of minds as far as possible in a current pattern. It is not education at all for some who get it. It does not bring them out. It shuts them in. It diminishes their power of belief by limiting the scope of it. They learn that a lot of things are untrue and impossible, and shut the door on those things. They are taught to accept as settled a lot of things that are not settled at all. Accordingly, when the things they have learned to be untrue or impossible come up for reinvestigation and new tests, they are at a great disadvantage in considering them, and when the settled things come unsettled in a new situation they are of limited use.

The trouble with the Republican senators who fight the Peace Treaty is that their minds are so glued to an acquired conception of human affairs that outside of that conception they can't work. When human affairs turn a somersault and a new view of them is necessary, such men simply flounder. They are hobbled by a rule-of-thumb education about what has been, and which, they have been assured, must always be.

When Stefansson, by thought and experiment, had developed faith in the theory that a man who knew how could live off the country in the far north, he went with Anderson up the Mackenzie River to Herschel Island, the northernmost post of the Royal Northwest Police. There he engaged nine Eskimos for his expedition. But they were smokers and insisted on having plenty of matches. There were matches



Uncle Sam: IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT AN EDUCATION ABROAD WILL DO FOR A FELLOW!

to spare at the post, but the commander wouldn't sell him any, because he knew that explorers could not live off the country up there, and would not be responsible for aiding a fool undertaking. So Stefansson had to go four hundred miles out of his way to get matches from someone not so well informed; but he got them, and he and Anderson went as planned, and explored and lived on the country for the next four years, and added very greatly to human knowledge.

Lodge and Borah and Brandegee and the other wise men of Washington are much like the commander at Herschel Island. They are loath to furnish matches to help out the adventurous Wilson, who has new theories of subsistence. Being educated men, they

know too much to furnish forth any such invitation to disaster.



Of course, education and the body of accumulated knowledge that it rests upon, are indispensable to human progress. When Henry Ford admitted that he knew nothing about Benedict Arnold, and had been instructed on that subject in court, he said: "I could find a man who could tell me all that in five minutes." There must be such persons available for the use of active imaginations, not too much encumbered by facts to work. Stefansson was not ignorant of Arctic explo-

ration. He had studied it more and knew much more about it, as events proved, than the commander of the post at Herschel Island. Just so Mr. Wilson has studied the present needs of Europe and the world nearer to than Mr. Lodge, and probably knows more about them. He is not at all an example of the unfurnished mind that has room in it for a new idea. His mind is abundantly furnished, but it is not sealed. It can still entertain novelties, and see new truths.

The obstructive Republican minds in Washington are probably too much committed to professional opinions; to wit, the opinions of professional Republicans. They are responsible for the keeping alive of the theory of Republican infallibility and its complement, the theory of Democratic foolishness. They are in a position something like that of the orthodox medical men towards Christian Science and the kindred movements, and of orthodox clergymen towards the current spiritist activity. The doctors may see—doubtless most of them do—that there is a good deal in Christian Science, but they understand it imperfectly, they see it does not work in well with medicine, they dare not indorse it, so for the most part they let it alone. The ministers may feel that the current spiritist activity with its astonishing output of automatic writings is of a consuming interest, but as guardians of accepted religious truth they cannot take much notice of novelties in supernaturalism until they have won standing acceptance.

The responsibilities of institutions are real and serious. The faculty of Medicine is an institution; so is the Church, so is the Republican party. On each of them rests the obligation to see to it that its constituents do not wander in irregular paths, are not beguiled by false doctrine, and do not believe more than is so. This obligation—the same that got the Church into its embarrassing complication with Galileo—makes them all timid. They can't go out after new truth, nor even meet it halfway. They must wait until it has won its fight and established its respectability. Then they can patronize and applaud it. It is through the rash, the simple, the indecorous and the unschooled that the new light seems to work its way.

LIFE



IGNIS FATUUS (commonly known as Jack)

LIFE



(known as Jack o' Lantern or Will o' the Wisp)



SPEAKING OF FLYING

Copyright Life Pub. Co.

The French Babies

LIFE has received for the relief of the French war orphans, in all, \$346,388.55, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,969,955.50 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts:

RENEWALS: F. E. B., San Francisco, Cal., \$23; James H. Aitkin, Schenectady, N. Y., \$73; Hollister and Malcolm Smith, Oakland, Cal., \$10; S. C. Milligan, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$50; Charles D. Snedeker, Perth Amboy, N. J., \$73; Mrs. Zora K. Bodler, San Francisco, Cal., \$36.50; Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Pasadena, Cal., \$146; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Illingworth and Miss Cathleen Illingworth, Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa., \$219; The Junior Red Cross of the Philippine Islands, \$72; Mary T. Little, Honolulu, Hawaii, \$3.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Irma Price, New York City, \$3; Pauline Kraemer and Frieda Heidecker, New York City, \$10; Margaret and Donna Love, New York City, \$10; The French Club, Washington C. H., Ohio, \$6; Mr. and Mrs. Markley Stevenson, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10.

BABY NUMBER 3736

The Tompkins League of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	\$36
Sarah E. S. Reed, West Cornwall, Conn., by public subscriptions.....	<u>37</u>

\$73

BABY NUMBER 3737

Sarah E. S. Reed, West Cornwall, Conn., by public subscriptions. \$8

MISS ANTIQUE: Don't you think this age is corrupt?
HE: Doubtless. How does it compare, in your opinion, with previous ages?

An Apology

HE: Excuse my cigar!

SHE: Oh, you may smoke, or I shouldn't have given it to you. It is one of father's, you know.

HE: That's why I am apologizing.



THE DEPARTING GUEST'S MOST VIVID RECOLLECTION OF A WEEK-END VISIT

The Winning of the War

"DON'T forget," said Field Marshal Haig at Newcastle, "don't forget it was the British Empire that won this war." And he went on, as reported by cable:

We talk a great deal about our allies. It was necessary and right that we should do so to buck them up all we could while the fighting was going on, but you know our Russian friends let us down and the Italians didn't do a very great deal. Then our French friends made the best of it, but then they really had a very hard job at the beginning. For the last two years England bore the brunt of the struggle.

Marshal Haig is a good general, a respectable character who has retired from the whisky business, and a model of discretion compared with Marshal French whom he succeeded, but this question of who won the war is too large to be dismissed in a sentence.

It may, perhaps, be discussed to advantage by elimination. Belgium didn't win the war. France didn't win it, though she did most of the fighting. Russia didn't win it, nor Italy, nor Serbia, nor Portugal, nor Montenegro, nor Japan. The gallant French were beaten, except for outside help. The British Empire was never licked. The British did so much and did it so long and hard that it is no wonder Haig thinks they won the war.

But they didn't. President Wilson told the sailors on the Fourth of July: "If it had not been for America the



"IT'S DARN FUNNY. I LIKE PUPPIES, AN' I'VE GOT ONLY THREE. I DON'T CARE FOR AUNTS, AN' I'VE GOT SEVEN"

war would not have been won." Eight months ago that was almost a universal opinion. Everybody said so. The English—some of them—will forget soon, and many have forgotten already, that any Yankees got to Europe, just as they promptly forgot that there was anybody but Wellington at Waterloo.

The English are a great people—on the whole the greatest breed on earth, and greater in nothing than in their capacity to forget. But they did not win the war. It seemed to be contrived that the war should not be won until every nation necessary to the reconstruction of the world had been deeply implicated in it, and until most of them were so nearly ruined that they must all work together to avoid a common destruction.

The United States saved the day, but it didn't win the war. Belgium, France, Russia, Britain, Italy and finally the United States saved the day in turn. Between them all the war lasted till the Allies won it. *E. S. M.*



PUZZLE

FIND THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN WHO WILL SOON RECEIVE
A TERRIBLE SHOCK

IF only half the reform movements ever accomplished anything, Hades would be a lonesome place.

Some Open Letters

To Charles Evans Hughes.

HONORED SIR: Some time ago we had the pleasure of learning that you had been appointed a sort of super-sleuth to investigate the condition of our airplane service, with a view to ascertaining why it was that we succeeded in spending nearly seven hundred millions of dollars before a single airplane was shipped abroad. Afterwards we noted that you had completed your investigations and had submitted your report. As the newspapers at that time (if not since) had been formed by our government into a journalistic chain-gang with mufflers on, it was perhaps natural that your report should have been only briefly mentioned. Now, however, comes along Brig-Gen. William Mitchell, who had the distinction of commanding the whole American aviation service in the Argonne drive, and he says that our air service is only just a little better than it ever has been. Indeed, he corroborates what we had all along suspected, namely, that our whole airplane service is a fiasco, and has cost us well over a billion. Now, Mr. Hughes, can't you do something about this? You know a lot. We remember very well when you made an awful row about such a small matter as horse-racing. Why

not put yourself in line for the presidency once more by letting the American people know what you know about our most important arm of defense?

Hopefully yours, LIFE.

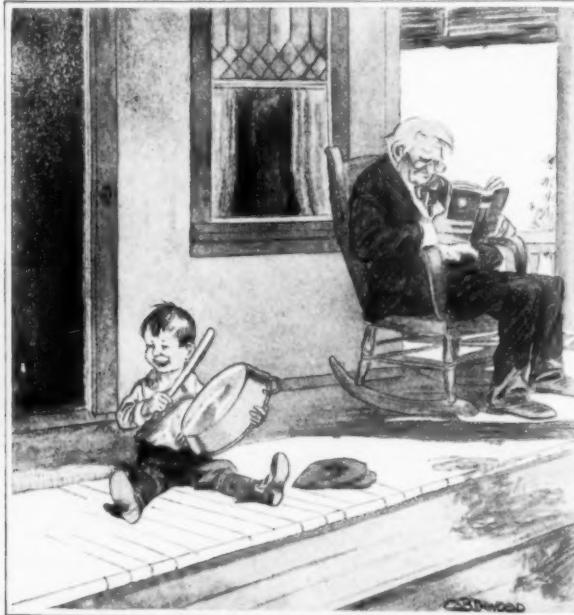
To Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg.

SIR: It is really a great compliment to the American system of doing business (in some quarters) to think that you have known so much about it as to have sprung our just-as-good-as idea on the Allies. The fact that you consider yourself just as good as the late Kaiser for the purposes of being tried, undoubtedly has its merits. As a substitute for the original package, you might afford some bright moments. Yet you have apparently missed the point of the whole affair. There is, my dear sir, altogether too much in a name. For example, no doubt that in case we should ever wish to punish Mr. Hearst, both Arthur Brisbane and Mayor Hylan would step forward and offer to lay their heads on the block. But this would be small comfort to the crowd. So it is with you. It would afford us no amusement to act on your proxy. We have no doubt that William Hohenzollern is not the person he has been cracked up to be. But at least his name is blown in the bottle, and when we crack bottles, we don't care for fusel-oil when we can get Jersey lightning. Besides, doctor, we've got you on our list, and you'll get what's coming to you, anyway, and so don't be worried. The band-wagon will call the second time around.

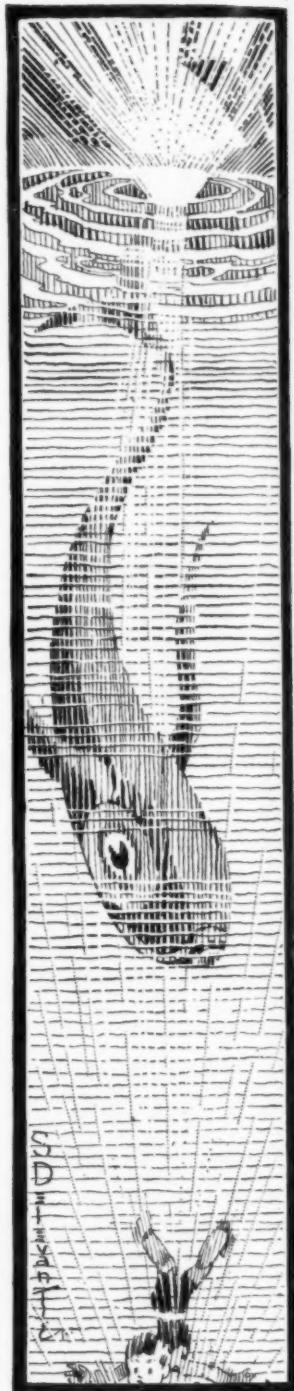
Lynchfully yours,
LIFE.

To George Harvey.

MY DEAR COLONEL: It is highly agreeable for us to see you slam the administration every week, because we know that you are sincere about it, and because you are nearer right than a great many others who are using criticism of the President to put forth their pro-German views. Nothing of this sort about you, Colonel. Of course we know about your original mix-up with Woodrow Wilson, and how you wanted to run him for President and he wouldn't stand for it.



Voice from Inside: STOP POUNDING, WILLIE. YOU'LL MAKE GRANDPA'S HEAD ACHE.
"THAT'S ONE ON YOU, MA. I WASN'T POUNDIN' ON HIS HEAD."



YOUR FIRST DIVE!



NATURE'S SPOTLIGHT

And it would be a mean thing to say of you that now you were just nursing a private grudge. And we don't believe that. But what we do hold against you is the awful pictures you publish in your weekly. If you keep on doing this sort of thing we suggest that you change the name to "Harvey's Weekly Chamber of Horrors."

Resentfully yours,

LIFE.

To Josephus Daniels.

DEAR SIR: We note what you have said about the recent signing of the Treaty of Peace, that it is the best day in the history of the world since the angels sang in Bethlehem "Glory to God in the highest." We have also noted what you said about the Navy League, and that you wanted more ships for the navy. We remember before the war you were deprecating the fact that we had so many ships, and when a request was made of you to increase the personnel, you denied it. Didn't we also see that you intend, upon your retirement, to go back once more and run a newspaper? Well, well! How time does run on! But don't you think that this "best day" stuff has been run into the ground? War has now become a habit with so many nations and races that it is going to

be mighty hard to settle down. And, after all, Mr. Daniels, who signed the Peace Treaty? Surely not the American people. Surely not anybody who had any more authority than one constituted by pure nerve. Meanwhile, get all the men you can for that navy, Mr. Daniels. We may need 'em, even after you have flown the coop.

Suspiciously yours,

LIFE.



ANOTHER SOURCE OF INCOME

LIFE

Ubiquitous Profiteering

To a public obliged to get its "cats" down town it really seems that the royal road to profiteering is traveled *via* restaurants and cafeterias. . . . Most men will protest an obvious overcharge; when it comes to a matter of two, three or five cents on an order they think, "Oh, well, let it go!" . . . The profiteering menu-maker relies on this attitude.—*Detroit Free Press*

AND so do the others. A "movie" war tax of three cents means an increase of five cents in admission. Recently the Agricultural Department of the United States government in a signed statement urged the people generally to buy more meat, of which there is a larger stock in this country than ever before, yet the prices continue to mount, or remain as they have been.

The truth is that in practically every line of necessity the profiteer has got this country by the throat. He is holding up the American people and robbing them completely and systematically. Nothing gets away from him. The machinery of our government is so cumbersome, complex and incompetent that the profiteer gets away with anything he wants to.

Recently we have been shocked at the tale of some New York gunman who boldly enters a bank in broad daylight and carries away the cash. This gentleman is a crude, primitive caveman compared with the ubiquitous profiteer.

Why do we stand for it?

T. L. M.

Thou Shalt Steal

TREATIES.

Scenarios.

Rubbers.

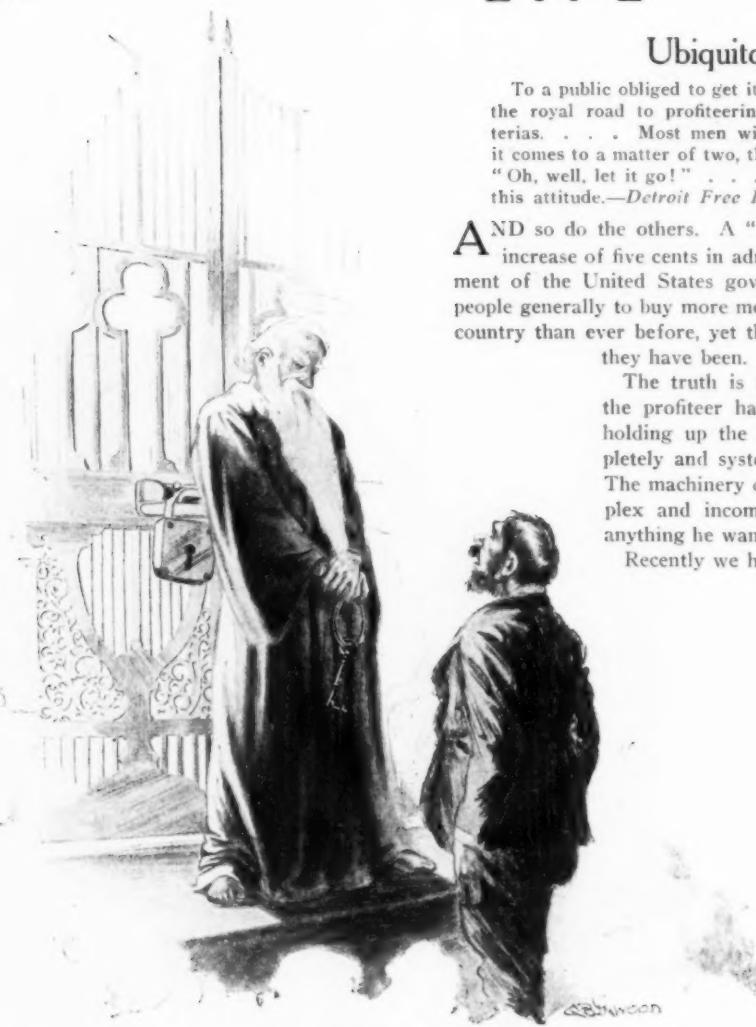
Stamps.

Umbrellas.

Time.

A march on the other fellow.

MANY widows go into mourning when mourning does not go into them.



EVEN THERE
"SORRY, MR. LABOR AGITATOR, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU IN. THE RECORDING ANGEL AND HIS ASSISTANTS ARE ON STRIKE"

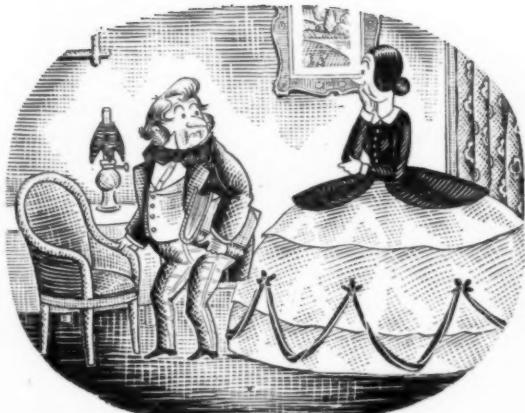
The Sonnet's Fourteen Points

- 1—Petrarchian form must every sonnet show,
- 2—And play upon a single lofty thought,
- 3—Then must some telling imagery be caught
- 4—And made with smooth and liquid ease to flow.
- 5—Lines 1, 4, 5 and 8 must rhyme, you know,
- 6—And rhymes for 2, 3, 6 and 7 be sought;
- 7—With greatest care must every line be wrought,
- 8—That it may keenest scanning undergo.
- 9—The quatrains ended, now the tercets start;
- 10—Two rhymes are all that are allowed for these.
- 11—They never from this six-line form depart,
- 12—And must be made to read with greatest ease.
- 13—The last two lines must crown the work of art,
- 14—And make of it perfection, if you please!

Harvey Peake.



THE DATE PALM AND THE RUBBER PLANT



"Our poor Betsy seems upset tonight about young Oswald! Do try to console her my dear."



"Please Father, don't speak to me of Oswald! I never want to see him again!"



"Come, come, my child! Tell your Dad all about the trouble between you!"



"Bo-Hoo-o-o-o!! Daddy, oh Daddy!
He-he sttole a kiss!!!"



"Great Scott child!!! You must be crazy to object to your fiance stealing a kiss from you!"



"B-b-b-but, he didn't steal it from me !!!"

[P]lanuza

THE FOLLIES OF 1861
BETSY FOLLIE IS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT STOLEN KISSES

LIFE



"HEY, POP, ARE YOU GOING TO WRITE ANYTHING ABOUT US?"

Are You There?

*A Drama of Telephone Service and the Supernatural
(Electrical effects by Mr. Burleson)*

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE: Number, ple-ase?
THE PAID SUBSCRIBER: Cortland 1448.

THE VOICE: Columbus 4771?

THE SUBSCRIBER: I said Cort-

THE VOICE: One moment, ple-ase. (*Forty-seven seconds of silence.*) What number did you call, ple-ase?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Cortland 1-4-4-8.

THE VOICE: One moment, ple-ase. (*Interminable silence.*) Columbus 4771 does not an-swer.

THE SUBSCRIBER: Goshdarnit! I want Cortland—

THE VOICE: I'll ring them again. (*More interminable silence.*)

A STRANGE VOICE: Cha lummie smuchasevver, dearuh?
ANOTHER: Ah, cutoutabull!

THE SUBSCRIBER: Hello! Hello!

BOTH VOICES: Hey! Get offena wya! Cha seemtalkin-tomuh sweetuh?

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE: What number are you calling, ple-ase?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Cortland 1448.

THE VOICE: Cortland 1448. One moment, ple-ase. (*The usual silence.*)

A NEW VOICE: Hel-lo?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Hello! Who is this?

THE NEW VOICE: Who iss dot?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Who is this?

THE NEW VOICE: Who iss dot? I shouldn't tell you who iss dis. You shouldn't tell me who iss dot!

THE SUBSCRIBER: Hello! Cortland 1448?

THE NEW VOICE (*becoming slightly shopworn*): I don't

vant Cortland—I vant Lenox; nine, oy, oy, seven. I vant Goldstein's fish market. I vant a herring.

A FEW MORE VOICES:

Pull up your line. Maybe you've got one hooked.

You want too much—d'ye think this is Christmas?

East Orange calling Miss Violet Applesauce—

THE TELEPHONE: Brrr
eexxx graxxx, gurkkk
krssss bang! bang!

ANOTHER VOICE WITH THE SAME SMILE: Information.

THE SUBSCRIBER: What? What? Hello!

THE VOICE: Information. Do you want information?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Infor— Tell me, how do you get that way?

THE VOICE: What way? The address and initials, ple-ase. Have you consulted the directory?

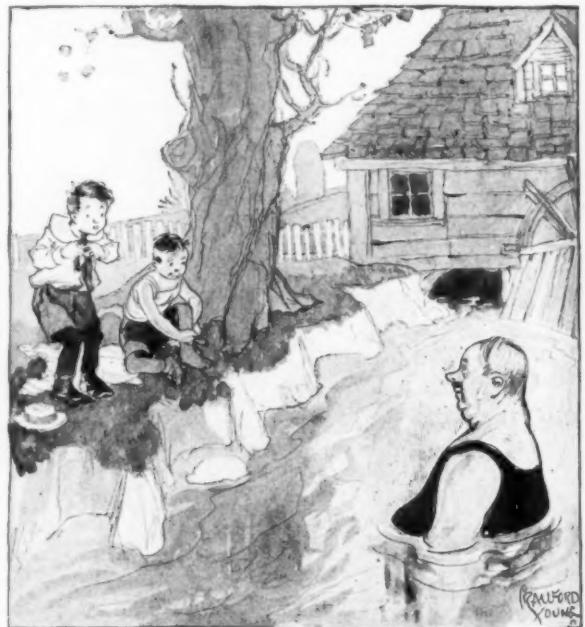
A SWEET, FEMALE VOICE: Oh, there you are, you little darling . . .

THE SUBSCRIBER: Madam, I—

THE SWEET FEMALE VOICE: Why, you big stiff, how dare you talk to me?

THE SUBSCRIBER (*wiggling the receiver hook frantically*): Hello! Hello!

THE ORIGINAL VOICE: Upper'rrr....Number, ple-ase?



"HOW DEEP IS IT, MISTER?"

"OH, ABOUT UP TO MY CHIN."

"WHICH CHIN?"



HUSBAND IS AS HUSBAND DOES

THE SUBSCRIBER: Cortland 1481; no, 1884; no, 8841; no —8..4..1..oh, !!!!?????***!!??***!!.. (He slams the receiver on the hook and collapses. The curtain falls and rises, denoting the passing of ten minutes.)

THE TELEPHONE: Ding-a-ling (or noise to that effect).
THE SUBSCRIBER: Hello?

AN AUTHORITATIVE MALE VOICE: Riverside 6543?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Yes, this is Riverside 6543.

THE MALE VOICE: Were you calling Cortland 1448? You have been reported using language unfit over the telephone. Sorry, but we shall be forced to discontinue the excellent service for your number. Good-by.

THE SUBSCRIBER: ??????
Hello! Hello! Hello!

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE: Number, please?

THE SUBSCRIBER (consulting the front cover of the directory): I want to report a fire! I want a policeman! I want an ambulance!

(Curtain.)

Henry William Hanemann.

Go Slow, Gentlemen!

A CHAIR of humor for the New Jersey Normal College has been suggested by the Commissioner of Education.

But is this not a dangerous precedent? If our institutions of learning are going to develop a sense of humor, it will be only a question of time when their own deficiencies will become too apparent. With a chair of humor in every college, half of the present professors would soon be out of a job.

Not What She Meant

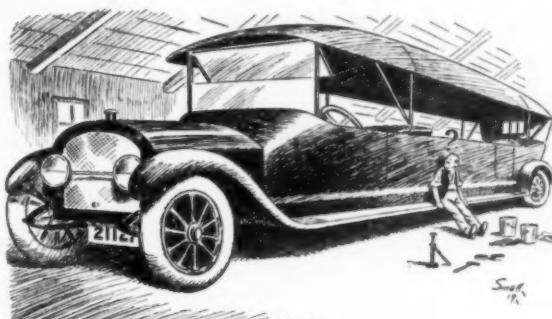
MISS HIGHMORE: I should just like to see the man that I'd promise to love, honor and obey!

MISS PRETTY: I am sure you would, dear.

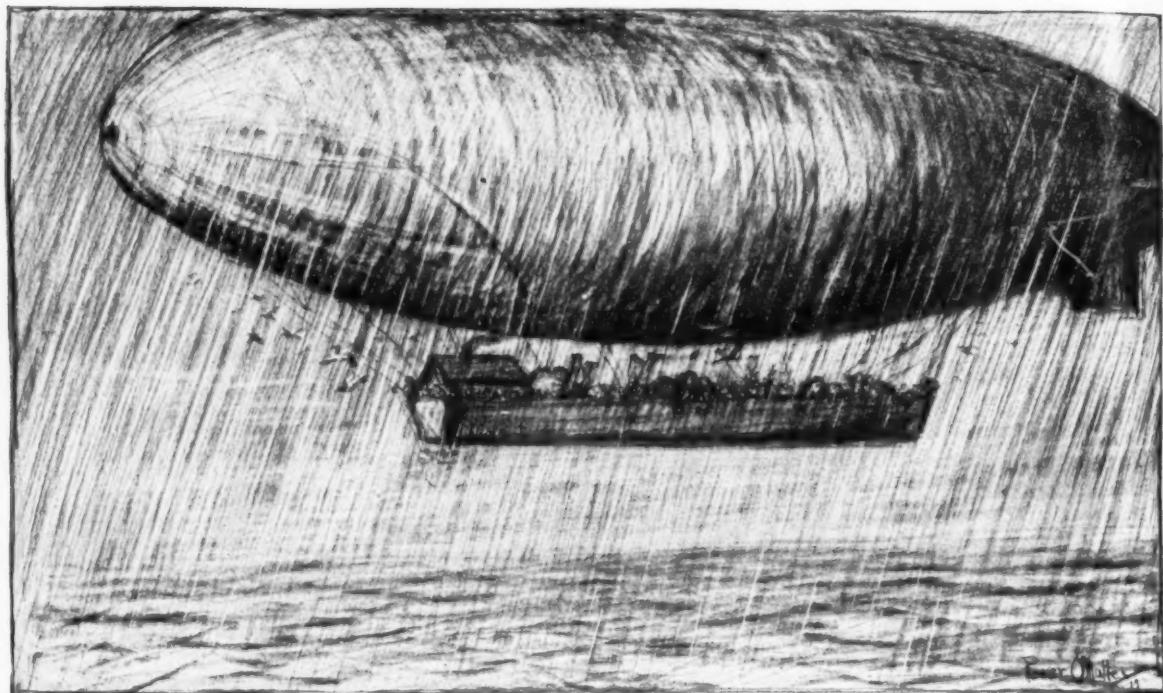
In the Land of Liberty

"VILLA seems to live a charmed life."

"Yes. He couldn't ask for more freedom if he were a New York gunman."



HOW IT SEEMED TO JINKS WHEN HE CLEANED HIS CAR FOR THE FIRST TIME



IF NOAH HAD BEEN BLESSED WITH A LITTLE IMAGINATION

Unbeaten Germany and Green Cheese Moons

THE NATION is a magazine edited by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who some time ago achieved the proud reputation of being the sort of person who didn't think that the United States should fight, no matter how severely Germany kicked us. In *The Nation* for July 5th there is an article by Mr. John Kenneth Turner, entitled "A Pledge to the World." This article argues that President Wilson never intended that Germany should receive just treatment as regards the Peace Treaty, that the Allies broke faith with Germany by imposing on her the peace terms which were imposed, and that the peace terms, as they stand to-day, are defensible only on one theory—that the German people, disarmed, are as much a world peril as the Kaiser was in his full strength. Mr. Turner states emphatically that the Germans sued for peace because of "military reverses, in part, but only in part; the German line was never broken." "Remember," says Mr. Turner, "that the German armies, though they had been forced to retire, were not beaten. They could have gone on fighting, how long no one can say." Persons who know exactly the position in which the Ger-

man armies found themselves just before the armistice was signed will be keenly interested in reading another article from Mr. Turner's pen on the different varieties of cheese of which the moon is composed. Mr. Villard needs just such an article to enhance the reputation for truth and sterling Americanism already possessed by *The Nation*.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



The Chaperon: I WONDER WHY THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SO LONG IN FINDING THAT TROUBLE



FOR HER SAKE

The Regular

*("And Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool, you bet that
Tommy sees!")*

I'M one of the Regular Army men, enlisted before the war,
When fifteen per was the pay we got—an' learned to be
soldiers for—
I joined in the days when Olive Drab was lackin' in real éclat,
An' it wasn't often a doughboy found a "welcome" upon the
mat.
I'm a hero now, an' the ladies bow, an' it's pleasant enough,
an' yet
It's worryin' me how long 'twill be till the people again forget!

*"Only a common soldier."
That's what they used to say,
Tho' they must of seen I was straight and clean
The same as I am to-day.
I looks at the flags a-wavin',
I thinks of them times that's past,
An' I'm sayin': "Yes, it is fine, I guess,
How long is it gonna last?"*

The National Guard comes homeward from fightin' the ugly
Teuts,
The drafted men get their papers an' put on their civvie suits;
They all of them done their portion, we regulars done the
same,
But we gotta go on playin' the steady old army game.
They finished their bit, all right, an' quit; their glory will not
be lost,
An' the regular force gets cheers, of course, but—I have my
fingers crossed!

*"Only a common soldier."
It used to be said with sneers,
An' I still recall every slight an' all
The scorn of them bygone years.
Just now I'm a social lion
Enjoyin' it while I can
Till the graft goes bust an' they says: "He's just
A Regular Army man,
A roughneck brute in a khaki suit,
A Regular Army man!"*

Berton Braley.



Bromyde: NOW WE MUST ALL TURN TO PEACE PURSUITS AND HAMMER THE SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES.

"NOBODY DISPUTES THAT. IT IS HAMMERING THE CORKSCREW INTO A TEASPOON THAT GETS MOST OF US."

The Spirit of Non-Stop Flights

TO Denis Leary, the intrepid underwear salesman, goes the honor of having made the first non-stop flight from the second floor of the Iderdown clubhouse to the first and main floor. This was the first non-stop trip in the clubhouse since the first of July. Part of the time he flew upside down.

Forty minutes after ten o'clock Friday night the big underwear salesman landed on the rug near the umbrella-stand in the lower hall. He made the flight in the remarkable time of fifty seconds flat, having left the second floor at noon by the clubhouse clock, which is standing; 10:39-10 by Harry Schuler's watch.

The average speed was far above the average. This was about one hundred and twenty carpeted steps a minute.

Mr. Leary was in good spirits, but somewhat bruised and
(Continued on page 213)



A THREE-YEARS' TRAINING



A THREE-WEEKS' CASE AND—



A THREE-MINUTE CEREMONY



THE CENTRAL STEEL COMPANY

MASSILLON, OHIO

February 6th, 1918

H. E. BROWN, PRESIDENT
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PLEASE MARK REPLY
FOR MR. Freeborn

The Addressograph Co.,
901 W. Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

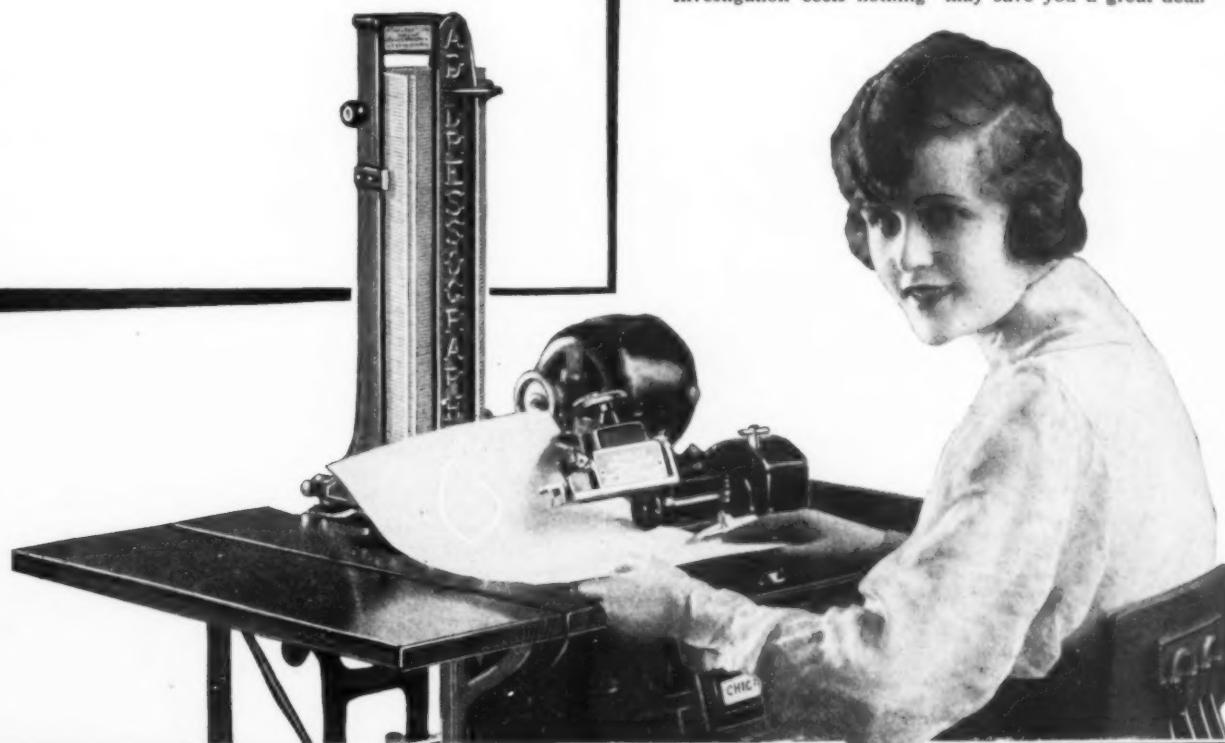
Gentlemen:-

We once said the Addressograph could not be used to advantage in writing our pay forms -- too many changes, etc. But actual experience has proved it to be a great time and labor saver -- more important, it positively eliminates all errors in transcribing, as is frequently the case when pay rolls are copied by pen or typewriter.

Is it any wonder we telegraphed you for a complete new pay roll Addressograph equipment to replace the one destroyed by fire?

Yours truly,

THE CENTRAL STEEL COMPANY



RESULTS That Turn Doubters Into Boosters!

THE man who says he cannot use an Addressograph, quickly changes his mind when he sees this remarkable machine at work.

His preconceived notion that the Addressograph is used solely for addressing envelopes vanishes when he finds thousands of concerns in nearly 500 different lines of business using their Addressographs for imprinting names, dates, symbols and other data on **every** form, large or small.

The various models of the Addressograph—the graphotype for handling plate changes and additions—the various attachments, overcome all objections.

Investigation costs nothing—may save you a great deal.

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Chicago

New York

**How It Began**

When the first carload of Georgia watermelons arrived in Fort Scott the other day a darkey lingered in front of the grocer's window a few minutes, and then accosted the proprietor:

"How much is this one, Mister?"

"A dollar and sixty cents."

"Does you guarantee it?"

"No, we didn't buy them that way."

"Lawd, white man, if I pays one dollar and sixty cents for dat melon and it's green, I'se a ruined nigger; but I'se goin' to be a sport for once."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Most Unusual

"The cost of living must be coming down."

"Why do you think so?"

"I've got a nickel left from my last week's pay."—*Boston Transcript.*

PROSPERITY is better measured in motor trucks than automobiles.

—*Wall St. Journal.*

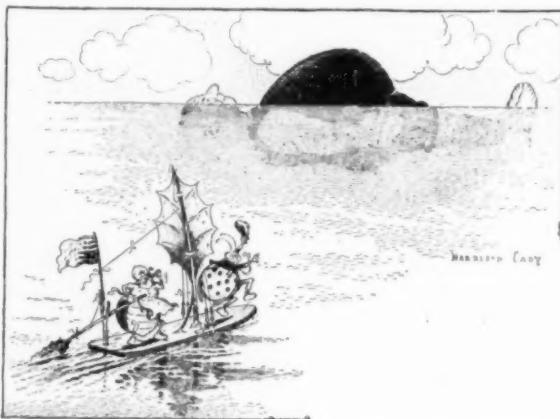
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The More the Merrier

"The verra best music I effer heard whateffer was down at Jamie MacLaughlan's," said the piper. "There wass fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlour, all playin' different chunes. I thocht I was floatin' in heevin."

—*Tit-Bits.*



*Shipwrecked Mr. Bug: HURRAH! WE'RE SAVED, HEPSY!
THERE'S AN ISLAND IN SIGHT OFF OUR STARBOARD BOW*

Not Responsible

An attorney was defending a man charged by his wife with desertion. For a time it looked as though it were a cinch for the prosecution, but at the psychological moment the attorney called the defendant to the stand.

"Take off that bandage," he cried, and the man did it, exposing a black eye. "Your honor," said the attorney, "our defense is that this man is not a deserter, he's a refugee."—*Argonaut.*

Unknown on the Farm

FARMER (to one of his laborers, recently demobilized): Well, Pat, which do you prefer, being a farmer or a soldier?

PAT: In one way, sir, I'd rather be a soldier.

FARMER: And how's that?

PAT: Well, you see, you'd be a long time workin' for a farmer before he'd tell you to stand at ease.

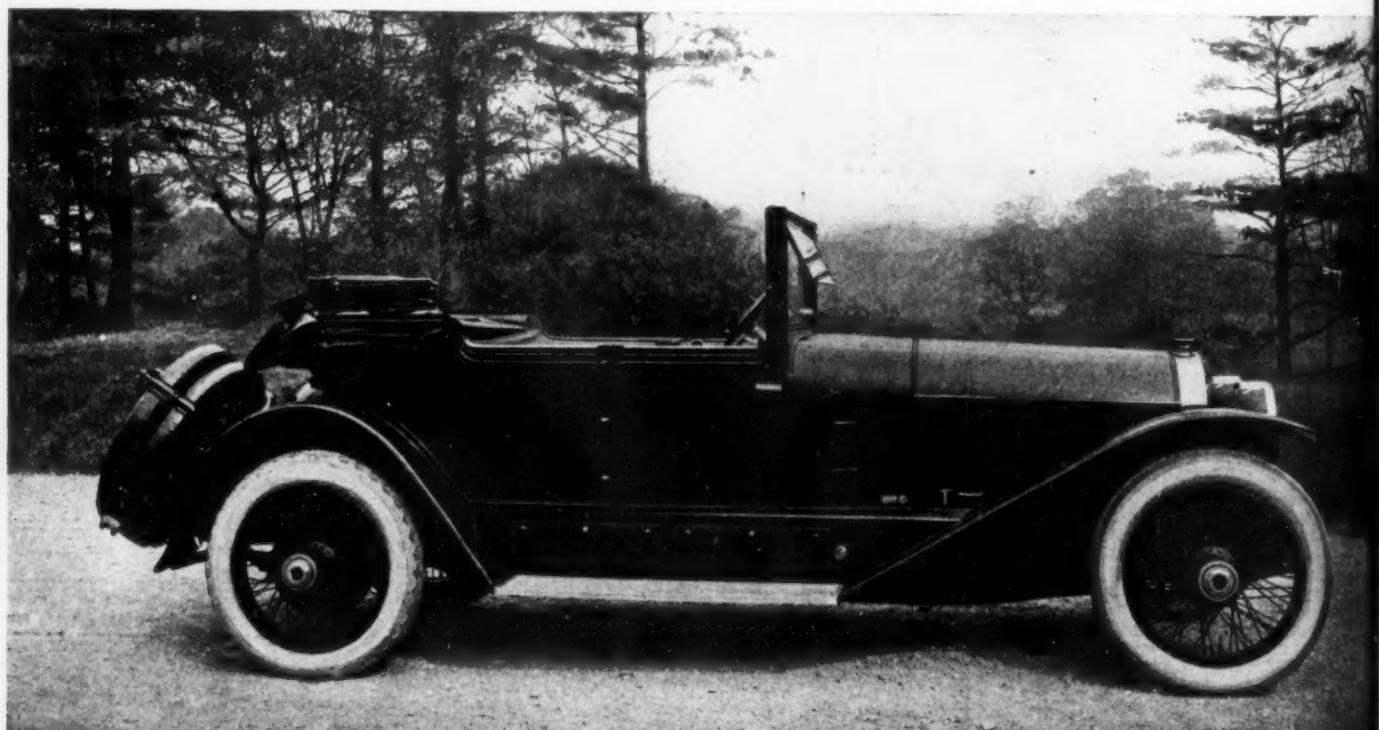
—*London Opinion.*

MR. BURLESON'S service makes it absolutely certain what a dead letter died of.—*Detroit News.*

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**COLLAPSIBLE LOCOMOBILE CABRIOLET WITH INTERIOR DRIVE**

An Individual and Distinctive Example of the Fine Motor Car.

Custom Design by the Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

My Inspiration

SING my simple song of praise
Of no great work of art;
My shy, untutored voice I raise,
For care for learned critics' ways.
I've found that truth quite often pays,
So I'll my views impart.

No lyric sad, with cadence sweet,
No verse so wild and free,
That runs regardless of its feet,
With rhythm slow or rhythm fleet—
Yet high-brows think it's rather neat—
Brings forth this song from me.

In world-famed tales I may admire
Perfection of technique,
But Maupassant does not inspire
In me the same celestial fire;
Of studied artlessness I tire,
And simpler ways I seek.

A Wagner operatic score
Excites me not at all,
And when there comes a fifth encore
I feel that music is a bore,
And quietly I reach the door
That leads into the hall.

In art museums great I find,
With color sense exact,
Those paintings long ago designed
By artists with a super-mind;
But though by Hals or Rembrandt signed,
I still do not react.

But when at last there meets my eye
"Old Ladies with a Cat,"
Or "Sunset in the Western Sky,"
With drawing crude, of values shy,
I stand entranced, for even I
Can do as well as that!

Allene Gates.

Curtailed

"It is possible to have too much of a good thing," remarked the Parlor Philosopher.

"Yes," agreed the Mere Man, "the dog with the shortest tail runs the least danger of having tin cans tied to it."



Sunday Fisherman: AN' I TOLD EVERYBODY I HAD GOOD LUCK



IF you have ever lived in the country, mere mention of what Hires is made from will make you cease to wonder why it is so downright good.

Juices of wintergreen, sarsaparilla, birch bark, spikenard, juniper berries—the roots, herbs, barks and berries that you searched for so eagerly in bygone days. These—and pure cane sugar. There are sixteen nature-grown ingredients—and the combination makes Hires the delightful drink it is. Yet you pay no more than you do for an artificially flavored substitute.

Hires

We even crossed the sea to find some of the goodness that goes into Hires. Hires contains nothing to create an unnatural craving—nothing to unduly stimulate. Drink all the Hires you want without regret. Little tots, grown-ups, old folks—every one can drink Hires pure and healthful with nothing but enjoyment.

Hires to be sure. And to be sure you get Hires say "Hires" distinctly. Hires is "rootbeer" but all "rootbeer" is not Hires. Remember that and impress it on the youngsters.

Hires is natural. Substitutes are artificially flavored.

Ask for Hires at every good soda fountain. Also bottled by licensed bottlers. Sold in bottles so that you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

**Not His Boss**

The judge was evidently getting a bit fed up with the jury, and at last he announced:

"I discharge this jury!"

A tall, lean member of the twelve then rose.

"Say, judge, you can't discharge me!"

"Can't discharge you? Why not?" thundered the other.

"Waal," replied the juryman, pointing to counsel for the defense, "I was hired by that guy over there!"—*Jack Canuck*.

Just Shopping

"Your wife seems to be carrying on a voluminous correspondence."

"Quite so."

"What about?"

"Oh, she's getting prices from hotels she has no idea of going to. Shopping by mail."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"A man has to make many sacrifices for the sake of his children."

"So you've got to go to the Sunday-school picnic, too, have you?"

—*Detroit Free Press*.

It's getting so in this country that when a criminal is captured, people charge it to overconfidence on the part of the criminal, rather than to efficiency of the police.—*Kansas City Star*.



All druggists: Soap 25c, Ointment 25 & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

**Becomes a Skid-Chain**

Don't worry if caught without chains on a slippery muddy road. Just wind your BASLINE AUTOWLINE 'round a rear tire. Then you won't skid. Made of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope, it's the "Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull". Patented Snaffle Hooks attach instantly, securely.

At dealers, \$5.80 east of Rockies.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK, also of Yellow Strand Rope, safeguards car and spare tire against thievery. Has non-pickable spring lock. At dealers, \$2.35 east of Rockies.

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SAINT LOUIS

Manufacturers of Celebrated Yellow
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"LADIES, IT IS THE WORKINGMAN WHO NEEDS OUR HELP AND SYMPATHY—THE MAN WHO EARNS HIS BREAD BY THE—ER—THE—ER—PERSPIRATION OF HIS BROW"

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please advise us of any intended change in your address. The post office forwards your letters to changed addresses, not papers. Send us prompt notice or your copies will be lost.

Notice must reach us ten days in advance—by the Monday of the week preceding the date of changing the address.

LIFE
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Subscription Department

**BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION****How a Scarecrow Works**

"I see you have a scarecrow in your field," said the vacationist to the old farmer. "Do you find it effective?"

"Suttingly!" replied the farmer. "So many blamed tramps cross over to steal if the clothes on it are worth stealing. It keeps the birds away."

—*Boston Transcript*.

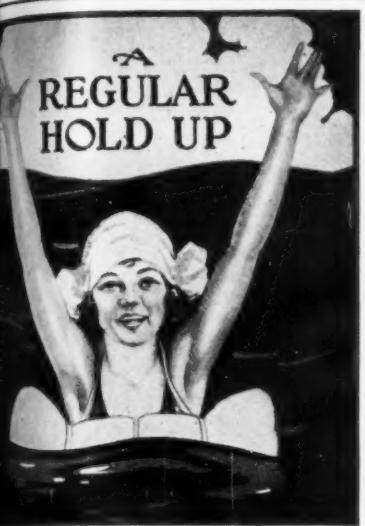
LESS work is the poorest philosophy in the world; yet it is the base of the present reform movement.

—*E. W. Howe's Monthly*.

CHARITY begins at home. So do a regular, annual subscription to LIFE.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



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YOU CAN'T SINK**

**K A P O
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WATER VEST, OCEAN WAISTCOAT,
CANOE AND MOTOR-BOAT PILLOW Because
are filled with KAPO Celbasilk, a few ounces of which,
in our life-saving products, will support the
person in the water for three months.

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to your department or sporting-goods store and see
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of Solitaires, the new, interesting and fascinating
game, played with ordinary playing cards. Price of
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Books Received

Small Things, by Margaret Deland.
(D. Appleton & Co.)

The Haunted Bookshop, by Christopher Morley. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Actor-Manager, by Leonard Merrick. (E. P. Dutton.)

Roosevelt, His Life, Meaning and Messages, by Theodore Roosevelt. Edited by William Griffith. Four volumes. (The Current Literature Publishing Company.)

What Is America? by Edward Alsworth Ross. (Century Company.)

Fifty Years of Europe, by Chas. Downer Hazen. (Henry Holt & Co.)

The Un-Christian Jew, by Lawrence Sterner. (Published by the author.)

Cubans of To-day, by William Belmont Parker. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Covenanter, by Wm. H. Taft, Geo. W. Wickersham, A. Lawrence Lowell and Henry W. Taft. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Roosevelt, by Geo. Sylvester Viereck. (Jackson Press.)

Poems, by James Griswold. (Scribner Press.)

Out o' Luck, by J. Thorne Smith, Jr. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The Spirit of Non-Stop Flights

(Continued from page 208)

fatigued. Every step of the trip was a terrific struggle.

The noble underwear salesman went to the Mulberry Hill Baths by motor from the Iderdown Club. He says he will be able to go home to-morrow. One of Mr. Leary's shoes is still stuck in the wall where he landed. Men are chopping it out, and expect to have the wall repaired by to-morrow evening, so that Mr. Leary can make another trip. The carpenter's bill will be sent to Mr. Leary by the president of the club in recognition of his feat.

One of the most important factors in the success of Mr. Leary's trip was liquor. If he had not had liquor in him, he never would have made it.

Immediately after landing Mr. Leary said:

"Where am I? Lemme up."

The jar of the landing rendered Mr. Leary dizzy. His underbody was slightly damaged, and he complained of pin-wheels buzzing in his head.

The first inkling that the members of the club had of their brother-member's attempt was when he loomed suddenly from the semi-darkness at the top of the stairs, and circled twice, as if looking for a good landing. It was



Points of Interest

YOU'LL know what they are—where they are—and all about them at the very time you pass them, if you use

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*The Standard Road Guide
of America*

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New York Chicago
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The Taylor 7WL is the only guaranteed compass at \$1. Has sensitive arrow-shaped needle—mistaking north and south; heavy tempered steel point; silvered metal dial, non-tarnishing white metal case. At your dealer's.

Other Taylor Compasses shown by your dealer:

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Gyadawl	2.25	Uselite	3.50		

Prices in Canada and Far West proportionately higher.

If your dealer can't supply you or won't, remit direct to us, sending dealer's name.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, N. Y.

**LEEDAWL
DOLLAR COMPASS**



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

SHOEING YOUR HORSES—

Needless trips to the blacksmith cause loss. Lost time of horses and men is your loss. Capewell nails hold where others fail. Cheap substitutes are used at your risk.

Save time and money. Demand "The Capewell" Nail. Used for years by the best horseshoers in the country.

THE CAPEWELL HORSE NAIL CO., Hartford, Conn.



undecided by those watching him whether Mr. Leary would come over the balusters or would continue on down the stairs. Ultimately he landed with a crash on the open space close to the umbrella-stand.

Men rushed to the assistance of the daring man, and helped him to his feet. Everyone drank to his health. Mr. Leary's spirit showed itself by his insisting on drinking to his own health.

It was deemed unwise to excite Mrs. Leary; so telegrams were sent to her saying that her husband had been called away on business.

Rutherford Rennie.

Zones

"WHAT is a zone?" I asked as a child.

"It is a geographical division,"

Replied the teacher,

"Based on climatic conditions.

There are many zones—the torrid, the frigid, the temperate.

You live in the temperate zone."

"What is a zone?" I asked as a man, Only a few years ago.

"It is the distance between certain poles,"

Replied the car conductor,

Who represented the electric-car line.

"There are many zones,

Because a fare must be paid in each one.

It makes travel more expensive.

You live in the fifth zone from town."

"What is a zone?" I asked very recently.

"It is an area created to increase postal rates,"

Replied the postmaster,

Representing Burleson.

"It makes mailing very expensive."

It doesn't do any good to hurry unless you have something to do when you get there.—*Topeka (Kan.) Capital*.

Zones

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

LE Waterman Co. 191 Broadway, N.Y.
Montreal Boston Chicago San Francisco

For easy writing and writing it easily

Efficiency?

A NEW accountant was recently installed in our office. He immediately put everything on a time and cost basis. He has just finished wrestling with the telephone, and this is the way he figures out its distribution of service in a forty-four-hour week:

H. M.

Contributors asking why their manuscript was not accepted.	12 00
Sadie, the blond stenographer, making dates for trips to Coney Island	10 00
Readers threatening suit for libel	9 00
Bobbie, the office boy, inquiring about the baseball scores....	7 00
Advertisers offering rugs, paintings, mousetraps, face cream, mining stock and collar buttons in exchange for space..	5 53
The boss buying one hundred thousand dollars' worth of paper	0 7

Grateful

CLERK: Can you let me off tomorrow afternoon? My wife wants me to go shopping with her.

EMPLOYER: Certainly not. We are much too busy.

CLERK: Thank you very much, sir. You are very kind.

AT
BEST
STANDS



Exclusive
Havana Cigar
MADE IN BOND
U.S. GUARANTEE

—READ THE WHITE STAMP ON EACH BOX—

"CUESTA-REY"
TAMPA — SINCE 1884 — HAVANA



PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

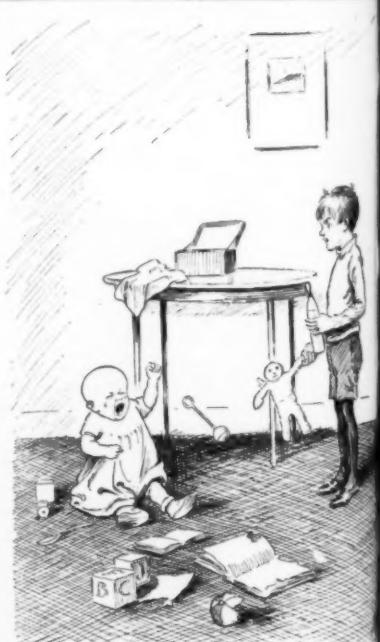


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Bluff Point-on-Lake Champlain, N.Y.

THE summer rendezvous of people of culture and refinement, magnificently placed on the highest point of Lake Champlain. Tennis, 18-hole golf course, swimming, fishing, historic motor trips, every pleasure and convenience you could possibly desire in a summer in American Plan. Management Mr. J. P. Green, Florida East Coast Hotels. Booklet on request. New York Booking Office, 243 Fifth Avenue.

Open for season of 1919 June 25

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, Bluff Point-on-Lake Champlain



Distracted Brother (left in charge!
They ought to send a book of instruc-
tions with these things.

LIFE



Cigarettes
made to meet
your taste!

Camel CIGARETTES

**Compare Camels
with any cigarette
at any price**

for

cigarette satisfaction, based on quality;

for, flavor that is so enticingly good;

for, smooth, mild-mellow-body that permits you to smoke Camels liberally without a flare-back;

for, freedom from any unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste or any unpleasant cigarettey odor!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

18c
a package

CAMELS are offered you as a cigarette entirely out of the ordinary—a flavor and smoothness never before attained. To best realize their quality compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels flavor is so refreshing, so enticing, it will win you at once—it is so new and unusual. That's what Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobacco gives you! You'll prefer this blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

As you smoke Camels, you'll note the absence of any unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste or any unpleasant cigarettey odor. And, you'll be delighted to discover that you can smoke Camels liberally without tiring your taste!

Take Camels at any angle—they surely supply cigarette contentment beyond anything you ever experienced. *They're a cigarette revelation!* You do not miss coupons, premiums or gifts. *You'll prefer Camels quality!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

Winston-Salem, N. C.



LIFE

July 31, 1911

MURAD

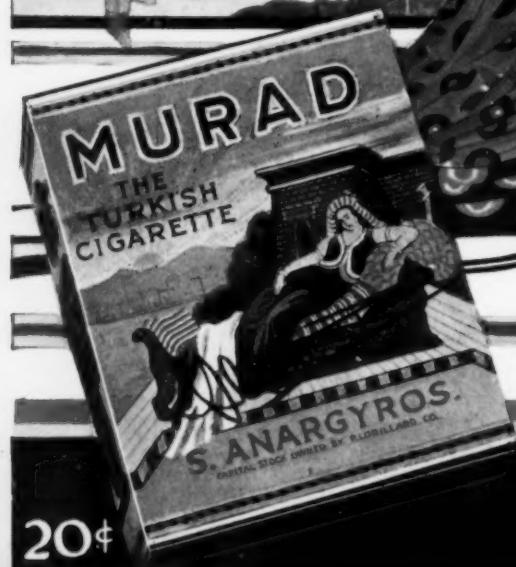
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



100% Pure
Turkish Tobacco—
The World's most Famous
tobacco for Cigarettes.

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



XUM